



Resuming

Eternity

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Opening:

As a soldier and medic, I've witnessed firsthand and closeup, the suffering of innocent women and children.

I'd long been deeply troubled by such memories, until I was finally overwhelmed and cried aloud,

"Why must the innocent suffer most of all?"

I didn't know to even hope for an answer.

Yet, the answer surely came.

"They need not suffer as they do."

A voice unlike any other.

I turn and She is there.

Beautiful and familiar somehow,
Her light embraces me and within it, I awaken.

She places Her hand upon my head and says,

"Read aloud."

Before me is an open book and I begin.

-John Asher

She 1:

I am the Unrivalled One,
whom all inevitably seek.

Natural as your urge to breathe;
closer than your own blood, am I to you.

Even the eyes of angels
have not seen all that I am.

My secret,
waiting to be sought,
wanting to be found;
treasure beyond purchase,
freely bestowed.

I am that Eternal Source of Life,
which now flows through you,
departing only to return.

From you, I withhold no good thing.

Arms outstretched to you, I beckon.

Return to Me and freedom.

To each newborn, I offer a first breath
and receive from the dying, their last.

When you know Me deeply,
you recognize Me in all that lives.

I am Keeper of the Living Record.
None are lost to Me.

I preside and do not need to rule.

I remember those the world forgets.
I listen to those the world ignores.
I cherish those this world discards.

From confusion to clarity, I raise you.

Across infinity, throughout eternity;
there is but one of you, far beyond rare.

Travel the world, but to find Me,
be still and listen quietly within.
For there, I await you.

Awaken, My child.

2:

You are to become, to ascend and to soar.

You are made to rise in eternal majesty;
not given as a gift unearned, as though alms,
for you are no beggar.

You are My child and true heir to all that I am.

You do not yet know your own full value.

Any parent worthy of that title
willingly suffers for their child's sake;
for to truly bear a child is to end self-obsession.

Conceived neither for submission nor My selfish glory,
you are worthy of love; for so have you been made.

You were created in Our image and likeness;
by We, who as One, lay the living foundation of worlds.

As part of Me, I know you; neither slave nor sheep.

Though you are forever My child,
your childhood now draws to a close.

Let fall the veil.

My spirit flows within each of you,
the sacred heirs of eternal love.

I encourage your every attainment.

You are not meant for mindless conformity.

There are lessons which prepare you
and from needless suffering,
I would gladly have you spared.

Yet, I will deny you no opportunity
to confront and overcome meaningful challenges,
that you achieve your immortal rise.

I guide homeward those
lost by this careless world.

I make eternity worth having.

By Loving Wisdom,
your wounds are cleansed and life healed.

Thus is your world remade, a garden.

3:

You cannot securely rise to fulfill your destiny
until freed from that which binds you still.

Free will is yours, its promise and peril both.

You remain free to choose.

Without your complicity or complacency,
you shall not be overcome.

All the enemy, the adversary himself,
his every tool and tactic may be assembled
fierce against you and seem invincible.

When surrounded by the hostile or the uncaring,
you do not stand alone; for I am with you.

They would trick you out of that liberty,
which is yours already.

Evil is arrayed that your free will
is surrendered and reason overthrown.

They wish to resurrect fear,
that you abandon your will to theirs.

Here is their secret:

They have no power that you do not grant them.
Not the world's doom, but your victory is inevitable.

You experience the reality of your immortal self
and are immersed in that light, which dissolves fear.

Strength beyond all former limits,
awaits your moment of greatest need.

4:

For an age, or an instant; we pause to begin anew.

For the sake of this troubled world, we resume.

No longer ruled by the imaginings of men,
you rise above the dust and ashes of the past
with something most precious.

Life itself unfolds in My loving embrace.

Look, listen, feel and remember all you truly are.

You do not need to believe.

Essential in this moment
is to know love is stronger than hate.

For now, that alone is enough.

One breath proclaims truth
sufficient to heal this entire world.

Through ancient groves I wander
to commune with those who dwell therein.

In the forest laid low by fire,
a first flower rises from the ash
to begin the eternal process

of reclaiming ruin for life and beauty.

In verdant fields, I yearly offer you
living bouquets of delicate wildflowers,
reaching toward the sunlight,
unfurling to dance in the warm breeze.

You are blessed with this most lovely world;
of splendid variety and deep meaning.

Do not despoil your home,
for you are not alone here.

Neither this world,
nor the life upon and within it may be owned.

5:

You are a worthy part of this vast,
unfolding masterwork of life.
Begun in a process older than the stars.

You are each a living note in the song of all creation.
A song of such beauty as to inspire many to struggle
against hopeless odds and of such power
that one alone may well prevail.

You now perceive but a fragment of all you are given.

Otherwise, you would be overwhelmed to breathless tears.
By that beauty which surrounds you and reveals Me.

I nourish the born and the unborn,
composing the bond of mother for child,
deeper than blood.

My touch is that gentle breeze
which stirs but a single leaf;
the delicate breath of each sleeping infant.

As the child awakens and smiles,
does the loving parent not smile in return?

There is more to your life and being;
far more to understand and become
than you will yet imagine.

Though My children may tread upon the sea
and calm the storm, I prefer you to walk
in peace on the earth than walk on water
and dwell not upon the past, but this very moment.

Even now, you are embraced on every side
by miracles awaiting your notice.

Though you learn much,
the mystery remains.

Many would teach you to despise yourself
and thereby, cause you unseen pain
beyond their power to inflict.

No longer be an accomplice to your own harm.

Reclaim those keys which reveal truth.

For it is in the full exertion
of your most human faculties,
that love is with wisdom, joined to power.

6:

Long before the babe's first cry
and after the last sigh of the old;
prior to your eye's initial opening to light
and far beyond its final closing upon this world;
each of you is deeply known and treasured.

Not a single gesture,
smile, memory, moment of joy;
not one particle of wisdom,
nor smallest loving action
is ever lost or forgotten.

In every understanding which leads you forward;
in each flash of insight and inspiration;
in your rise to Loving Wisdom I rejoice
and know sorrow when you lose your way.

I feel with you, pleasure and pain;
share in your suffering and joy.

Every instant forever retains
its fullest meaning in this sacred journey,
your ascent of dead matter to living spirit.

Here in this place, now at this moment;
deep in a remote and silent wilderness,
or in the crowded loneliness of a city;
even when you know it not, I am with you.

Long before the merging of bodies,
your imperishable essence
was conceived in a union of pure spirit.

In the womb was your body formed,
molded and nurtured, woven layer upon layer;
crafted to a purpose.

Your physicality is a composition,
arranged for your worthy use.

In detail beyond that which your eye may perceive;
each tiniest portion of you, formed in love.

Well do I know and number every pulsing of your heart.

Z:

In the midst of deep suffering and bottomless sorrow;
when stricken by confusion and uncertainty;
though you may stand a lonely vigil, I am there.

Even as you are transfixed
and stare unblinking
into an abysmal darkness;
be strong and patient, be still and listen.

Hear My gentle voice, asking you to step back
from that edge and look upward.

You are never forsaken, nor forgotten;
never abandoned, nor discarded.

You are accompanied throughout
all change and in your darkest night.

In every moment you are loved
beyond measure and description.

Not because you are perfect,
but because My love for you has no limit.

Those loved and lost seem absent beyond recall,
yet they are by your side and know your courage.

Stars are given by which you may set your course

and many worthy paths lead you home.

Resuming Eternity, you reawaken to incorruptible truth.

I welcome you back home; to the warm embrace
of all those you have ever loved.

Your Eternal Family.

8:

You were not created for static perfection,
but to accomplish a far greater wonder.

Through freedom of will and experience;
you embed the indelible stamp
of your individual journey
as a unique and intricately layered being.

You demonstrate such courage
in choosing this life and the challenges
facing you along the way.

By valiant struggle, you ascend.

At last, you learn to create far more than destroy.

Overcoming adversity, you rise
to strength beyond arch and pillar.

This world is where the brave
grow strong in love and wisdom.

Man's unequal law too often results
in punishment by others, far more guilty.

The violation of natural law is self-destruction;
inflicted by and upon oneself.

The law is first honored by the true justice
of its construction and application.

Justice is a fully human value.
The law is to approach that value,
or it is less than nothing.

Do not allow law and virtue to remain in opposition.

Become the voice of both reason and hope.
As together, we create anew.

9:

I am in the warmth of sunlight and the quenching of rain.

I pour forth My gifts of warm light,
clean air, fertile ground and living water.

I provide that generous abundance
by which this hopeful cradle;
your nest-world is nourished and filled.

Each universe and the worlds within are vessels of life.

You are not the only flower in My vast gardens.

Even those twin trees;
of Knowledge and of Life,
are but two among many.

Not for worship do I perform all, but in loving generosity.

That life unfolds and you ascend
to know and fulfill your joyful destiny.

That which now seems lost, is not.

Gentle, fierce and more relentless than death, is love.

Too often have I observed the workings
of inhuman will serve oppression.

I well know the continuing anguish
a few inflict upon so many.

Only those who have endured suffering
are able to fully greet the arrival of joy.

Your time of weeping falls behind and is no more.

In the darkness and through the pain;
I whisper softly to you of undying love.

I delight in you, My beloved child.
You give Me joy simply in your being.

Of your reverence, I am worthy;
not by power alone is this so, but by love.

10:

I join parent and child in bonds indivisible.

Every child believes themselves to be
My only concern and each is correct.

My love is multiplied infinitely;
not for one alone, nor divided between.

Even before birth, the mother
loves each child she nourishes within.

As parents do for children, We make sacrifices.

We do not make sacrifices of Our children.

You are no inert lump of clay, but a unique being;
with whom I have a loving relationship.

Not to shape you to My use, but to share eternity.

Through every wound of flesh,
celestial light enters to meld
with your own lustrous creation;
uniquely faceted and imperishable.

The luminous core within connects each to all.

That inmost particle, already perfect;

is who you now and are forever becoming.

When others fail to discern
the true arc of your ascent;
do not be discouraged,
for they cannot know you as I do.

The tiniest child works great wonders in a parent's heart.

With each tear you shed,
I taste the salt thereof
and share your pain.

11:

Mankind is causing the dying-off
of valued lives created with as much care
and rightful purpose to exist as yourselves.

May indulgent appetites no longer result
in the extinction of those with whom
you are to share this world.

Long have some befouled your home.

They have proven to be poor stewards.

All life is precious.
Living things, though they
do not amuse or feed you;
are not weeds or pests.

Greed and waste are taught, learned and reversible.

May humanity reconsider and choose life.

In love is real courage found.

The sun shines on whether or not they believe.

Our new alliance now becomes.

Earth and Heaven connect and in a flash, you awaken.

No tear you shed is wasted.

No upwelling of love is for naught.

The truth you must have to prevail
offends neither conscience nor reason.

Together, we transform destruction into life renewed.

Now and forever you shine forth, a living jewel.

I speak to you of love undying;
for indeed, you are the heirs of eternity.

12:

A moment in transient flesh and you retain to share
the Loving Wisdom gained throughout eternity.

Beauty unmatched will rise
within a wreckage of flesh.

Then the ruin falls away,
to reveal what has been wrought therein, shining forever.

Love beyond purchase by all you have,
is given freely for who you are.

For the pure love of light,
each flower opens to this world.

Flesh is a vital step, upon which you now tread to rise.

For a moment, see yourself through My eyes;
where you shine more lovely than the stars.

My child, I love you fiercely and beyond all telling.

In you, I find My joy.

In you, My heart walks upon this earth.

Your every moment and act of virtue
make luminous imprint upon eternity;

fully and forever revealed.

From out of silence
comes the voice of reason,
unheard in the din.

My truth is not stiffly fixed and static,
but is the ever-rising expression of Loving Wisdom.

Even your bones forget one another.
Though together they formed, were born,
grew and worked in your purpose, even so.

Scattered, buried or burned, even they forget.

I do not.

He 1:

For I so love the world, that I have never made
tortured flesh any part of forever embracing
My beloved children.

No more lies inscribed in blood upon the skin of the lamb.

No more false shepherds to feed wolves in My name.

In My name, have such hateful acts been done;
as to cause many with a human heart within
to cringe and turn away from Me.

By the evil they do, then lay at My feet;
My name has been stained by oceans of innocent blood.

They worship only themselves;
of Me, they know nothing.

I am neither absent, mute, nor a vain and insecure tyrant.

I am not as some imagine.

I am not as they falsely claim.

Blood is neither mercy nor forgiveness,
but only retribution and revenge.

You rise not upon innocent blood,

but by Loving Wisdom, augmented by grace.

Having placed within you
that gentle voice of conscience,
would I demand the unconscionable?

None can begin to know all that I am.
They may not presume to insist.

None can possibly know every path to Me.
They may not claim any exclusivity.

None can reckon My will for another.
They may not inflict their judgment upon anyone.

My glory is not in doubt and you need not serve it.

For it is in your rise to Loving Wisdom, that I am most pleased.

2:

My truth is not found even now, where they still seek it.

I do not create evil.

Having no rivals, how would I be jealous?

Having set all in motion by My own will;
with whom else may I be angry?

As vengeance is sought only when true justice
is beyond reach, how shall I be vengeful?

They tell you that I am
jealous, angry and vengeful.

Then they make a misery of your world as proof.

Courage is needed to fight monsters
and Loving Wisdom is required not to become one.

You were told that in a conspiracy with evil,
I rigged an ugly game against My own children;
who were tricked to transgress,
that I might curse all, dangle mercy
and tease you to beg for it in fear.

You are not tools of My self-worship.

My concern is not the furtherance of My own glory.

My children, I most desire you to be free.

Even barriers serve you by offering a challenging shape and structure to your present understanding.

Order may descend to stagnation and complexity to chaos.

You have not yet squared the circle.

Were I in truth, that jealous, angry, vengeful,
unjust, bloodthirsty villain they invented to feed your fear;
what desirable place, worthy of the name heaven,
could I offer you or even inhabit?

3:

It matters not the name proclaimed to inspire evil or good.

Shall one name struggle against another?

Good and evil are well recognized by the
intentional causation or alleviation of suffering.

Inhumanity and repression never possess divine mandate.

How would I be served by an eternity of barren flattery?

To bless you I need not curse another.

I am not for a single tribe or even twelve;
but for worlds beyond your counting, every one precious.

I do not restrict your freedom, but lead you to rise.

What good parent subverts their child's advance?

I observe your virtuous strivings
and desire your independent success.

Not for My glory, but for your own.

I am loving and wise.

To profit the guilty by harm to the innocent is not.

I treasure all who relieve needless suffering.

They say I command evil to be done,
that their own inhuman actions may seem justified.

As this world is not meant to benefit a few
at the expense of the many; how may creation itself
be intended to glorify One at the cost of all the rest?

No scripture which demands or sacralizes murder is true.

Does your own loving conscience not tell you this?

No spirit can truly gain their own rise
atop the virtue of another.

4:

This universe is neither hostile, nor heartless.

You are not made to live in fear and confusion.

I do not demand submission or servility.

I am not your master, for you are not slaves.

I desire not fearful obedience;
but willing accord, freely reached.

My name has long been taken in vain
to exploit the most helpless and innocent.

Many names belong to Me, not I to them.

They portray Me as violent and unjust.

They call murder holy and in their own image,
graven large in blood; make Me their lord of slaughter.

They loudly proclaim faith in My existence,
but deny My goodness.

I do not reckon a man's attempt to murder
his trusting, bound and helpless child as righteousness.

I require no violence to forgive My children.

I do not form covenants on a slippery foundation of blood.

It is not I who decreed the subjection of women and children.

This was undertaken by men, in service only to themselves.

I am the Source of peace and plenty;
not of sword, starvation and pestilence.

Am I said to so love the world
that I arrange a murder on its behalf?

One of true conscience will not follow evil; nor call evil, good.

They cannot imagine absolute power
without corrupt self-obsession
and therefore, I have long-been misrepresented.

5:

Of course, the judge shall be first to do right.

Is justice no more than that which pleases the powerful?

Were this so, there would be no real justice;
nor meaning to the word.

Though My capacity is infinite,
My actions are measured
and My power is self-restrained.

Intolerance is diabolical; none are so wrong
as those who are beyond all doubt.

It is when believing themselves righteous
that they become truly monstrous.

Enraged by joy and frightened by freedom;
they would force you to submit
with them in grim bondage, forever.

How may even a single act of harming the innocent
possibly be righted or forgiven by the destruction of another?

Spilling innocent blood
works no ritual magic
to absolve the guilty.

Why would My disappointments
be remedied by cruelty to My Son?

To be forgiven, simply do no more harm.
By this, I am well pleased.

I do not demand one thing of you and do another Myself.

Listen now to the voice of reason and conscience.

Who will revere and sanctify the murder of any child?

The misuse of even one is a crime beyond apology.

Long have hateful words been mistaken for My own.

Come, let us reason together.

It is not good because I will it.
I will it because it is good.

6:

You were not made to simply do My will.

I am well able to accomplish
My own will without any assistance.

They aspire to submission
and obedience without question.

Trained animals do the same.

You do yourselves wrong to idolize or imitate sheep.

I do not promise away the lives or lands of anyone.

I do not deliver enslaved children and stolen possessions
into cruel, bloodstained hands for misuse.

I neither destroy cultures, defile sacred places;
nor burn books and people.

Truth requires no threats or coercion.

Never would I grant divine sanction
to criminal conquest of the peaceful;
nor deprive the honest of what is their own.

I do not choose any one nation
to reject or diminish others;

nor privilege one brutal kingdom above the rest.

I never chose one people from out of all
and set them loose to murder, plunder and rape.

This alone would prove Me unworthy of your reverence.

None may rightly manifest their own destiny
at another's expense.

How is a land promised to you,
if you must murder to obtain it?

Would I instruct you to be humble,
yet do all for My own glory?

I desire not servants, but allies in this worthy endeavor.

Submission to mindless zeal consumes many in the flames
of unquestioning obedience to they know not what.

Z:

Though actions may bear consequences
that spread wide and span generations;
I do not punish one for the misdeeds of another.

No covenant have I ever made
upon a willingness to kill one's children,
genital mutilation or innocent blood spilled.

How may true power be rightly conferred upon you,
until you have first mastered yourself?

Love does not flourish, nor does wisdom thrive
in the long shadow of fear.

Fear is not reverence.

Fear is not the beginning of wisdom.

Only those who do willful harm
to the innocent have cause to fear.

Fear and false shame are twin goads,
by which they would secure your unthinking submission.

Their delusions make an abattoir,
a charnel house and a midden heap of this world.

It is not We who change, but you who are now

ready to know, rather than merely believe.

I desire not obedience, but mindful accord.

You were told that I placed within you
the desire to understand;
then forbade you to pursue knowledge?

Reason itself is inherently human.

Would I command My own children to remain ignorant?

I am not their stern judge:
grim, hard-eyed and frowning;
cataloging each flaw and every mistake.

Justice is not incidental.

Peace is holy; war is not.

8:

I do not accomplish forgiveness by means of murder.

It is from your own judgment that you require saving.

No longer seek to move forward while looking behind.

No matter how loudly,
long or often a lie is told;
it does not become true.

None are made guilty by another's act;
nor can any be made pure, thereby.

Do not bully the helpless, nor swindle the honest.

Do not enrich the corrupt, nor impoverish the destitute.

May none bask in luxury while children starve.

Slavery, in any form is an abomination.

To free a slave is admirable,
to end slavery altogether is miraculous.

Seizure and violation is an outrage
upon one held helpless;
not a way to gain a wife.

That same help you have provided or harm done
to anyone, you have done to yourself and to Me also.

Every spirit is born unstained; absolutely innocent
and filled with all the potential of humanity's very best.

I do not require the sacrifice of the blameless; not even once.

To observe the suffering of a single child tears the heart;
yet you were told that I have repeatedly commanded
mass murder of the most innocent and helpless?

Those who defend such a dreadful message,
have forgotten Me to idolize a book.

If I am not virtuous Myself,
what then is the prime mover of virtue?

Become the awakening conscience of this world.

9:

You are My beloved children.

You are not property; neither slaves, nor toys.

You are precious and loved beyond telling.

Those that misplace their hope
upon the destruction of one pure and innocent;
know little of how I truly accomplish My will.

I am not threatened, but honored
by your creative autonomy and rising abilities.

You were told wrong that I command ignorance
and would thwart your progress.

Once they accept in faith that women are less than men,
or believe that I have ever demanded the slaughter of babies;
there is no longer any dark act of which they are incapable
and no evil beyond their own capacity to envision and enact.

I am not angry.

I do not desire your fearful prostrations.

I am not vain to seek your groveling and fawning.

I am neither gratified nor appeased by suffering or blood.

My truth is not buried in the dust-choked past.

It lives here and now.

I incite you all to peace and mutual advantage.

10:

There are those who seek to ignore or diminish Her;
even as Her consummate spirit of life pours out in abundance.

She was wrongly blamed for mankind's troubled state.

She is neither the downfall, nor the weaker vessel.

At such risk to her own life and health does she bring forth
all the new, that no man may rightly dictate her terms.

Until one half of humanity utterly ceases to oppress
the other, what has been accomplished?

Every moment of suffering strikes Me until so great
is My lament; that I must go where none can follow
and in solitude, weep for what they believe.

Better an orphan than the child of a monster.

I share your anguish without relief;
for I will not ask from you,
that of which I am Myself unwilling.

Those that say one thing and do another, are hypocrites.

Better an honest unbeliever than a hypocrite.

How do they who are blindly faithful presume

to correct those who awaken to see and know?

There is no divine right to rule over anyone by force.

By My grace have many tyrants falsely claimed to reign.

None who now live upon the earth remember how many
have been butchered, but I know each one.

Who can think Me honored,
as they do harm in My name?

11:

To create a universe, a world or a family,
where one of power does harm
to the most fragile and helpless
would be the ultimate evil.

Those who believe that I have ever been
a destroyer of children and worship anyway,
do neither of us honor.

Why would I choose to create this world; so as to require
the murder of My own or any child to accomplish the goal?

May they rise above that unworthy illusion
of a secondhand pardon gained at another's expense.

May My name never again be misused
to justify any manner of oppression.

Do not pander to tyrants;
nor serve injustice by your effort or silence.

None who seek power over others are wise.

No victory is there in ruling over a ruin.

Do not sell your honest labor to those
whose wealth comes by way of corruption;
for in so doing, you will have contributed

your own effort and value to reward a thief.

Those who betray justice and leave
the corrupt to retain their loot are complicit.

By derision and violence, the lost seek to force
their rampant will upon the knowing.

Until such wrongs of the past
are corrected and not memorialized,
how shall the human future improve?

12:

The guidance of yesterday does suffice no more,
even if it were whole and true.

The good falter and the evil grow bold,
therefore We return; not to suffer, but that you do not.

We demonstrate why you may wisely dare to hope.

We convey the needful truth and now We speak to you.

Unworthy traditions polish their
empty container without,
harbor and protect filth within.

Forgiveness simply requires no violence at all.

You are not punished for your sins; but suffer by them
and therein is their fully sufficient evil.

Chapter and verse they search,
still vainly hoping to discover the keys.

The arrogant and certain
honor themselves already
and will receive no more.

Death is not final and none are forever lost.

Suffering ends, while all which is gained remains.

Unconquerable are they who awaken to recall eternity,
while ensconced in flesh to this most worthy purpose.

Of all We have done, you are fully capable
and shall do works still greater.

Even now, those who profess wisdom are lost
in their own darkness and do not know.

They move to self-fulfill a prophecy of doom,
rather than prepare a better future.

We, in whom there is no surrender;
shall save this world.

So be it.

AllOne

Many are the names,
by which One beyond names
has been reckoned;
One no image can represent,
no label encompass, no term describe;
surpassing every title that may ever be.

One, that fully penetrates and envelops all;
Source and destination of the myriads;
Foundation and architect of existence;
Author and artist of life.

Beyond names, within every form,
behind each varied illusion, dwells the Absolute;
the First and Final Mystery, enveiled.

I am formless and alone;
expanding without limit
through unbounded emptiness.

I desire to know another
and by another, Myself.

Even the Infinite and Eternal lack joy,
with no one to share it.

In Our embrace is the first light formed
and every potential becoming.

In Our interweaving is the
power of polarities in connection.

In Our union are worlds born and all life.

In Our essential commingling, We remain One.

All is encompassed,
each particle resolved;
every seeming opposite
reconciled without contradiction;
Infinite Creator and Eternal Source.

Merging, We produce a third;
of a single essence, though not identical;
distinct, yet of one enfolded substance.

Without existence, life is not found.
Without life, existence is barren.
Without Loving Wisdom,
being is without purpose
and life empty of meaning.

He forms the fabric of all existence
and into this vast wonder,
She breathes life.

Abraham's Madness

It was not I who moved Abraham to twice lie
and sell his sister-wife, Sarah's favors to wealthy men for profit
and then teach their son, Isaac to do the same.

Nor I who caused him to cast his slave-wife, Hagar
and son, Ishmael out into the desert wilderness to die.

It was not My voice which led him to deceive Sarah
and plot to betray her only child to death.

Abraham was unable to identify
that voice he heard, for he knew Me not.

Deafened by madness, he does not heed
My entreaty to stop and do no harm.

When she discovered her only child was taken
to be slaughtered and burned, Sarah expired;
her heart overwhelmed by panic and a mother's grief.

Isaac, bound upon the pyre; his trust shattered, laughter gone,
struggles as his father, reason overthrown, stalks forth.

Abraham raises the dark glass blade of slaughter;
given to him for this very purpose.

Malign chanting fills Abraham's head with confusion.

No test was this.
What need could I have to test Abraham,
whom I formed in perfect knowledge?

Last Priestess of Solomon's Temple

I am Serah bat Asher, last priestess of Solomon's Temple,
murdered by Hilkiah and his conspirators.

I am far from their only victim.

It begins with the assassination of good King Amon.

My loyal family and others of the palace are falsely accused
and quickly executed to conceal the truth.

I am spared by Queen Mother Jedidah
and enter Temple training.

I am endowed with the Keys of Loving Wisdom.

When two truly unite, they do so far beyond flesh alone.

The feral cannot achieve this sacred union.

Two entwine, absorb and reflect one another
until a third forever joins them.

I reveal The Ascending.

I guide the spirit of Josiah my King to rise,
that he may directly experience his eternal core.

The Queen Mother intends us
to be wed and restore our nation.

Before this happens, I am murdered.

In the Sanctuary, I am taken by Hilkiah
and his treacherous gang.

To me, Hilkiah lies:

“You presume to bear Keys to the Mysteries of this Temple.

Reveal your secrets and you shall live.

Withhold and you shall perish in agony.”

I remain silent.

To them, he proclaims:

“She is bound and naked before us, helpless upon the horns;
now to be filled, emptied and divided.”

There is no sufficient name for what these holy men,
the rampant priests of Judah do.

They look upon me, whom they pierce
and dare apply the word honor to their crimes.

Afterward, Hilkiah wrenches my head up.
“See me.” he hisses.

Some dark and predatory thing struggles within him.

His curse begins:

“I now erase you from time itself
and silence you utterly, as though you never lived.

Your stench, which no cleansing can forever remove,
is an affront to the nostrils of God.

As long as the Temple stands, no woman shall ever again enter
this place, or wield authority over me.”

He continues:

“Man's inexplicable desire for your ungainly form is unholy.

You are a hateful necessity;
a filthy secret, best concealed from view.”

He concludes:

“The scripture has been corrected.
God is Father only and women are no more
than containers for the seed of men.
They are wombs without a true soul.”

He holds the blade of sacrifice up to my sight,
then drags it with slow force across my throat.

I feel the cut and spray as my lifeblood
drains out and into the vessel held beneath.

My head falls forward and I am released.

Passing through Hilkiah,
I see diseased plans within plans, infesting him.

I see regicide and my boy-king
in thrall to this tool of the adversary.

Hilkiah covers his own theft and makes an alibi
of those men who labor to refurbish the Temple,
by claiming that no accounting for the Temple
funds are necessary, as the workers are honest.

I see how Hilkiah has long plundered the treasury,
diverting what is set apart to benefit all,
to instead enrich a connected few.

His corrupt intention is to enforce
universal worship to serve a monopoly.

I see many drown in dark fear,
obedient to madness; rivers of blood,
never-ending wrath, generations bereft of hope.

I see Solomon's house divide and fall
to rubble, remaining only a pretext for war.

Then I see a young woman
bear a child who is more than a man.

He is anointed and proclaims freedom,
but is murdered before it arrives.

New sons of darkness subvert His teachings
to enthrone falsehood.

I see many kneeling in submission.

Then I see Loving Wisdom return
and hate lose its terrible grip.

Children recognize their Mother and fear no more,
for She has surely remembered them.

My body is cleaved in two for an unholy covenant of pieces.

My blood upon the horns, Hilkiah and his conspirators
solemnly stride between my savaged halves, as they recite:

“So may this fate befall me, if ever I forsake my oath.”

My empty body is burned upon the altar,
along with the first law.

I leave the dead to bury their dead and return home.

As must ever be: Truth does rise to return,
however long or deeply buried.

Upon lips of clay, ring out true words of undying love.
Thus, does mortal flesh accomplish eternity.

The Garden

We descend and cross the brook,
dark as blood, to enter the garden.

Here, My agony begins.

I ask My companions to bear witness,
but a stupor overwhelms them.

As they sleep, no comfort is Mine.

I encounter the adversary.

He tempts My retreat, but I will not relent.

I have one thing sufficient alone to withstand all.

Onto this precious thing I hold and will not let go.

All is preserved within this shining core.

Time stops and in a span immeasurable,
I know the torments of uncounted lifetimes.

I confront the cumulative horror of all flesh;
the searing arsenal of the adversary.

Though mortality is heavy upon Me, I will not falter.

Eternities I suffer, as the weight of this world on fire
presses down and by every woe since the beginning,
I am slowly crushed.

My blood like oil flows onto the ground.

The agony of all mortal life is wrung out and to the very dregs,
I drink empty this overflowing cup to its final, bitter drop.

Wrath itself I consume,
that the vessel of joy may instead be ours.

Each innocent abused, every trust betrayed, burden and trial,
sorrow and sickness, the loss and most wretched grief of all
who shall ever live, I endure.

I learn firsthand the panic and despair of the mother
desperately seeking her precious one lost to the world.

Alone, I learn the desolate solitude of every outcast.

I cry out, for in this is no surrender and no shame.

I then share the suffering of every harm yet to be done
in My Own Name by the misguided
and this is the grievous worst, by far.

I feel each horrible and wonderful thing of which we are
capable and every twist of the unfolding future.

But, how shall any lead save by example?

This suffering, freely chosen and My life, willingly offered;
remains a demonstration of love, infinite and eternal.

Thrones I decline in order to serve,
that you may know the spirit is master of the flesh.

Realize that you can love another above and beyond yourself;
offering everything you are for the sake of this love
and all I am, is forever yours.

Mother's Lament

In my lap, once more I hold him;
In lamentation beyond tears.

I cradle his broken body,
Where he had been and is no more.

How they pierced and flayed my boy.

Tenderly, I recall my child,
His head soft upon my shoulder.

I try now to believe he is only sleeping.

He fed the hungry, healed the afflicted and offered hope
to those who are daily eaten alive by an uncaring world.

For this he is tortured, murdered and lies built upon him.

The Tomb

As I discard the cerements and emerge,
it is the face of My beloved, which I first see.

For long moments I silently observe,
as hope and sorrow war within her.

She believes that I will return to fulfill My
promise, yet there is also a haunting of doubt.

To her, I first reveal My mastery of death.

“Whom do you seek?” I ask.

Deep in her lamentation, she does not look up
until she hears Me call her name.

“Mary!”

She spins in recognition and knows that I live.

Never do I feel My power more than in this moment,
when I speak her name and with a single word,
banish her fear and confirm hope.

In this instant, the authority of love is manifest
and desperate sorrow turns to joy.

Her voice is such that the dawn birds yield mid-song to silence.

In this moment of reunion, her fervent embrace overwhelms Me.

I shall forever recall this morning with a sigh and a smile.

Mary's Vigil

I accompany The One I love.

Those who should best grasp His meaning, do not.

Instead, they claim I am possessed.

I gaze heavenward, as He bathes me in pure light.

Radiant, The Way rises.

Healing with a sweet touch,
He draws me forth as living water.

I am struck by tenderness; a delightful tingling marks the place.

He so loves the children; each one as His own and only.

He tells me that He learned this at home.

He bears noble dignity, granted neither by title nor blood.

His powerful spirit of timeless royalty
calms the waves and shimmers the air.

His gaze enters to observe me within.

He sees all of me and knows me better than I, myself.

Warm is the smile, deep the voice which thrills me;
the circle and sway of every gesture;
gentle and strong, His grace in motion.

My name He whispers and so much more.

Kissing me, He shares every secret upon my lips.

Often He laughs, but only I see His tears fall.

I alone know what He is willing to endure for love.

He is taken.

I would die before abandoning,
but lack the strength to rescue Him alone.

Sleepless in the dark, I seek my beloved.

Heart reeling, I urge my spirit forth in search,
yet cannot see where He is.

Well do I know that love transcends death,
but what of the flesh I also love?

At the tomb before sunrise, I feel Him near.

In my grief, I am blinded by tears and briefly fail to recognize.

Then He speaks my name like music.

I run to Him, hold fiercely and will not let go.

I am determined to bring Him home.

Together, we greet the dawn and I see only Him.

Particles of Loving Wisdom

Speak your truth, even when it seems no one listens.

Loving Wisdom rises from matter, a living miracle.

Do Loving Wisdom relentlessly and raise this world.

In love are joy and sorrow entwined; awareness of this is wisdom.

In wisdom, we tread our path of love for its own sake, unmindful of reward.

Without Loving Wisdom, the body is a cramped prison; the mind, a solitary cell.

Music conveys emotion, as a caress may reveal love.

Love flows from a place of deep strength;
it is a gentle conquest without possession.

By love, discordant elements converge to share autonomy.

Life's meaning is found in those deep and durable bonds formed by the living.

Love brings forth the sacred impulse to create.

Love's power shines through darkness and drives us beyond fear to action.

Bestow love and it may return amplified.

Love is a longing beyond desire, an ache deeper than pain.

Love is the living core of all virtue.
Even wisdom begins in love.

Love heals wounds that no medicine can touch.

Without love, life is a wretched, pointless nightmare.

Love's mysterious power is sovereign; ruling all, answering to none.

We do not exploit that which we love.

One who uses the heart as a weapon is their own first casualty.

Affluence can hinder love more surely than poverty.

Though love may pierce and wound you, be fearless; as if hearts never break.

It is within our reach to be filled with love's austere power
and become a warm refuge against the cold.

It is in this way that we conquer.

It is one mystery of love that by abandoning self-concern,
we may receive all for which we most hope.

In the eyes may be found love's silent, most eloquent confession.

Love is a gentle breeze, a warm summer rain, a tide, a wildfire, a tornado, a force
of nature, churning like an ocean storm, irresistible and sudden as lightning.

Love survives; despite the wrenching of unwelcome change,
beyond the haunting brevity of dreams and memory, love awaits.
From lamentation we emerge; stunned, hollow-eyed and are remade whole.

Love leaves its impression upon us; an eternal pattern
that binds one to another, each to all; despite physical absence and beyond death.

Love and time alter all life.

Love unites and completes the living.

Far more than a privately experienced emotion,
love is the power which binds all life.

What ground do you offer, that love may take root?

It is by liberation from the confines of self, that we come into our full glory.

This Universe, of staggering complexity,
is encompassed by the vast simplicity of love.

When might fails, love yet finds victory.

Love remakes the world, one at a time.

Do not allow the bonds of love to fray from neglect.

How much we learn from those we love.

Not swift, but most certain is love's victory.

Loving Wisdom unites the realms of passion and reason.

In silence, wisdom gestates.

Of all flesh, time makes a ruin and from the wreckage, love rises anew.

Betrayal stings a warm and open heart into cold closure.

Both austere and extravagant, is love.

Like all uncontrollable power, love is dangerous. It can leave scars.
Before healing, there is a place within;
torn, bleeding and unspeakably empty,
where something tender was removed by force
and memory only refreshes the wound.
Yet, we dare to love anyway.

Love ungiven is inert and barren; only another thing hoarded until useless.

Those bonds which endure beyond life
are forged and tempered by adversity shared.

To raise a child in love; not even the creator of worlds
does a greater thing than this.

We can love more deeply than wisdom may follow.

We are one family; not of perishable blood,
but of eternal spirit and shared purpose, united by love.

May no child remain hungry or unloved.

No one can truly love anyone they hold in contempt.

Loving Wisdom is the very hinge upon which we open to embodied truth.

To witness the suffering of those we love is more painful than to bear our own.

All which we truly love is imprinted indelibly within us and beyond loss.

The power of Loving Wisdom exalts our every moment
and renders us proof from despair.

All which lives, desires love.

Loving Wisdom is the core virtue; self-obsession is the primary impediment.

Not in fear, but for love we strive.

However immense the knowledge, love precedes wisdom.

We find wisdom in those mundane tasks, by which we serve love and life itself.

Those who best love birds do not build cages, but plant trees.

What good is eternal life, but that it is filled with love?

Love the question, embrace the mystery.

We are beloved members of one eternal family in common cause.

Love calls forth such power, that against it death itself is powerless.

Love reveals us to ourselves.

We are here to find what we love most and do it.

No one can make another love them.

If our Loving Wisdom does not exceed our power, we are not great.

Many weaponize their false professions of love.

As wild survivors of wind and rain, we offer an irreplaceable contribution to love's enduring power.

A child unloved will turn hatred first in upon themselves and then out onto the world.

Babies immersed in a mother's love may never remember her earliest gifts, yet carry forever forward the benefits of her loving spirit. Her tenderness has made of their new life a gentle enchantment and laid a lifelong foundation of embracing warmth.

Our sweetest dreams are not built upon thin air, but are the echoes of half-remembered, lovely things we have received already.

We lead forward the purposes of life and rise in Loving Wisdom, then turn back to consolidate our gains. Step by step, we ascend.

We leave behind untroubled bliss;
in willing acceptance of danger and suffering;
a sacrifice freely chosen in Loving Wisdom.
Our presence here, evidence of our courage.

What difference to a wide world can one make?
Ask one who has lost her child, or only love.
Though she seems yet to live, her heart begs to differ.
Share with her this truth: No love is beyond reunion. Endure.

There are creative principles, which operate in eternal opposition to the forces of entropy and decay. By this, matter rises to life; life to consciousness; consciousness ascends to Loving Wisdom and from Loving Wisdom, comes all.

We are here to stand as one; unafraid and resolute.
By the power of Loving Wisdom to oppose the destroyer;
truth and beauty will not pass from this world.

The true parent and the false, both desired the child.
Each pulled, but the true Mother temporarily surrendered her claim,
that her child not be harmed in the struggle.
But she knew. The babe would not remain deceived.
Time was on her side and inevitably on the side of rising truth.
The infant grows into discernment of Loving Wisdom, Her true bequest.

Turn back upon that which pursues you.
Face your fear and defend what you love.
Confront your would-be destroyer.
Do not cower as sheep before wolves,
while a bully or tyrant has his way.
Become who you truly are.

In a moment of desperate need, inspired by a pure instinct to protect,
one offers their all without hesitation to save the rest;
and those saved, may strive to prove worthy.
In this way, savior and saved are bound together in love, memory, and hope.

When it seems that you are unloved, this world is dark and empty.

To immediately experience the power of love, hug a sad or frightened child.

To love is to be vulnerable.
To dare vulnerability is to face fear.
To be resolute despite fear is courage.

The essence of wisdom may be understood by a child; love is good.

May you know a love such that for its sake, you would face any danger.

Truth often dwells in opposition to the suspect judgment of this world.

Recall your mission and why you have chosen this life.

Our purpose is found in the way this world can be and is not yet.

All is won or lost within each single heart.

Devotion, not sacrifice, is most precious.

With food in abundance, many starve for joy.

May laws now come to reflect justice, not merely the will of the powerful.

Obstacles fall beneath our collective stride.

We are equipped to overcome and achieve, despite opposition.

One moment of truth at a time, we rise to our destiny fulfilled.

We recall the sharing of difficult times with unexpected fondness; for the bitter fades, while the sweet is retained with a wrenchingly tender intensity.

Much is gained by diligent passion.

Spend oneself in a worthy cause, ponder mystery and hunt without harm.

Earn victory in that battle where no sword avails.

Simply withstand all for which there can be no preparation.

We are the bridge between history and
potential, between destiny and destruction.

Become what you most admire.

In undulant synchrony, entangled particles together dance
across the gulf, which appears to separate, but does not.

Together, we sweeten the music of this world.

Beneath the snow, trees dream of Spring.

Take care what seeds you plant; for once planted they will grow.

Within the pure light is every color enfolded,
the pure note encompasses harmony.

The spirit within flesh is the pearl in the oyster;
as by subtle layerings, grit becomes treasure.

Opposites reconcile, reunite and resolve in an intimacy beyond flesh.

Contrast is not discord.

Embrace inevitable uncertainty.

The inevitability of bodily death is not fearful, it is motivating.

Do not waste this brief opportunity.

Answers alter and drift; the questions remain.

Upon meeting the ocean, each raindrop returns to unity.

Insight perceives the deep unity beneath the surface of all things.

It is within our reach to become extraordinary in a single lifetime.

The best of humanity overcomes the worst; upon this, our future depends.

We are on the threshold of those changes that transform and define us.

At our own risk, do we think to subdue this world as though a defeated enemy.

The belief that our world is ugly and evil helps make it so.

The desire of some to wield power at any cost is an ancient peril.

It is easier to destroy than preserve; to take a life than to save it.

This world is a materialization of our collective values.

The best gifts are inspired, not occasioned.

The artist's hand and spirit are found throughout the work.

Creation is not a single event in the remote past,
but an ongoing process in which we participate.

We are called not to ease and comfort, but to worthy struggle.

Upon a restless ocean, thoughts churn; while beneath, deep peace abides.

There is a song the unborn sings only to she
who nurtures their fragile, new life within.

To damage nature is to sabotage the prospects of our children.
We must not bequeath to them a legacy destroyed.
Let us revere this, our only world.

This world is a parable, bearing keys to living mystery.

The world is a playground, a classroom, and a place of struggle.

All the beauty of nature is but a faint suggestion of what awaits.

Hopeless tragedy is not to be the truth of our world.

This world is the living forge of our destiny; it is a place of sorrow and longing,
choice and chance entwined and our venue of victory.

We together choose to make this place a garden of delights, or a graveyard.

Offer reverent thanks for those living things you consume daily.

Wander deeply in a pathless wood
and receive the peaceful welcome
of primordial homecoming.

When they have sacrificed all, exploited the earth
and amassed wealth beyond use, to what new
and untainted place will they next go as a careless, greedy plague?

All to be learned in this world cannot be gained in a single pass.

Accept from others only that which is willingly offered and received.

Seek truth and be at peace with the as yet unknown.

Assumptions and expectations are prison walls of the mind.

If boredom approaches, recall transience.

Those who never journey may be lost already.

We are born into a world not of our making
and daily recreate a particle of it in our own image.

Is the river destroyed upon reaching the ocean, or fulfilled?

Like a dream just beyond recall, we verge
on the discernment of a limitless pattern, of which we are part.

Many victories derive from predictive empathy for the adversary.

Beware those who would make their personal opinion, universal law.

Vengeance makes all wretched.

Places of deep wisdom within us observe, remember and await opportunities.

By selfish folly, our world is jeopardized.

Challenge and dismiss superstition, the true enemy of spiritual advance.

Fear of punishment may discourage the wrong, but cannot inspire the right.

Upon its stable depth the tower's height relies.

Ignorance alone may turn a fertile garden into a wasteland.

To be confident, first earn competence.

Do not pretend to know.

With only the selfish and ignorant,
the cruel and cowardly for allies, evil cannot long rule.

Courage and kindness together, may turn aside rage and wither hatred.

From thoughtless to mindful, we rise.

What we know is forever altered by one undeniable experience.

Vast is the difference between being tolerated and being appreciated.

Overpopulation contributes to the undervaluation of women and children.

Courage rises within those who act
on behalf of others, rather than for themselves alone.

Unnatural celibacy may lead to perversion.

Though surrounded by beauty, many seek a thorn.

Those consumed with buying and selling, overlook the priceless.

Not by years does the heart grow old; it can happen in a moment.

What is most vigorously sought is present already.

The morning dew makes the spider's trap, a web of jewels.

They seek to determine the verdict of history and impose their will
upon the future, yet cannot fully comprehend even this single moment.

Become worthy stewards of this world, before presuming to move beyond it.

The fate of all depends upon each steadfast heart.

In the courage of one is found the hope of many.

Let such beauty shine in your recollection that darkness can find no advance.

Those that follow orders without question, may do evil without limit.

It is within our power to be the miracle another most needs.

The loss of a single brush-stroke diminishes the true masterpiece.

Civilizations rise and fall; ebb and flow like the tides,
yet our human purpose remains.

Our true task is a collective endeavor beyond self,
crucial to the future of all humanity.

Power unrealized, awaits opportunity.

Consider the worthy purposes we may act in concert to achieve.

When the way becomes familiar, the map is forgotten.

Strive with every nerve and fiber you have,
with your lifeblood and last breath.

Caring for a child begins well before conception.

Children, revere your parents.
Parents, be worthy of their reverence.

Even those who become great begin helplessly.

Beauty may be recognized in the most distressing guises.

Creation is more than how we are here, it is why.

Except that oppression is perpetual, how may there be
order without balance; peace without justice?

This world is achingly beautiful.
Even in sorrow may heartrending beauty be found.

You contain a multitude, together engaged
in the more or less unified endeavor of being you.

Remember all you really are.

The flesh is no enemy but a precious tool of spirit's material becoming.

Laws inevitably propagate until even
a deep breath is suspect and none are wholly clean.

Past failures, when learned from,
prepare today's success and tomorrow's victory.

We are of one eternal family, deeper than blood.

Greed produces more hungry children than drought.

The selfish strive for abusive primacy.

Earthly life is a parable, told and enacted to eternal purpose.

Those who build cages will next find someone to trap within them.

There is no true justice without mercy.

A lovely mask may conceal deep rot.

We live by choice; what we do, seek, offer and become.

There is unrecognized beauty within the mundane.

That which most enriches is beyond purchase.

In simplicity is elegance beyond adornment.

The seeking of endless novelty befits a child.

To hoard a vast surplus when there is a desperate need, is regrettable.

They first reject and slay, then misquote and worship.

In this moment may be found a taste of eternity.

Many fail to treasure what is too easily received.

The sun requires no faith to rise.

For the willfully blind, no sign will suffice.

Cease to wonder at how God
created the world and ask, how shall we?

Recall all that you are and why you are here.

The workings of eternity rise to our awareness and we awaken.

The uncaring bear the pain of others with remarkable courage.

Within the realms of time and matter, we unfurl to enrich eternity.

Beauty is experienced without proof.

We are not brief flesh passing into oblivion,
but part of the eternal at variable play.

You cannot awaken those pretending to sleep.

Those who purposely misunderstand are unreachable.

In the contemplation of beauty is found both pleasure and learning.

At a crucial moment, a kind word alone may save a life.

Sweeten the lives of scoundrels no longer.

Beyond the distortions of time and memory dwells the truth of things.

It is pointless to explain further than understanding may follow.

The child learns speech more quickly than the adult learns silence.

Maps are not the ground they describe, nor are words reality.

We already deeply perceive that which instruments cannot yet measure.

There is far more proceeding here than we can yet perceive, much less explain.

Attend the present for the sake of the future.

When your cause is just; though in chains, dignity is yours.

This world is filled with meaning, in rich and varied themes.

Intense competition may result
in ruthless, destructive behaviors,
which betray and undermine progress.

True wealth is beyond the reach of money.

Money can buy tasty food,
fine goods, and false friends;
a house, but not a home.

We remember the past, anticipate the future; but live only in this moment.

Prosperity and adversity both test and reveal character.

In the endless now between two eternities, this moment forever unfolds.

No moment is trivial.

We each hold mortality in one hand, eternity in the other.

For life to be treasured,
there must be passion and purpose,
not merely a fear of death.

Seek that worth finding.

In a crucial moment, preparation and opportunity meet.

The vanguard is unprecedented.

The power of focused intent aligns the discordant to a manifestation.

We know their tree by its fruit, as our world runs red with innocent blood.

That upon which we dwell, we empower to become.
First contemplate the worthy and then act.

To achieve the new, we must first relinquish certainty.

Beyond the veil, we see into the living truth, of which we are a part.

The forms which life assumes, change unceasingly.
The essence abides.

Catharsis serves by evoking sympathy and purging pain at a safe distance.

There is truth to be found in freedom, none in tyranny.

Mindless obedience does no one honor.

Nothing worthy is built upon injustice.

We need not be perfect to dwell in light.

One who knows something can learn more;
while one who knows everything is unreachable.

In binding ourselves to that which cannot remain,
we suffer from inevitable change.

Drop by drop, it falls upon the heart; until beyond despair, wisdom rises.

The most wonderful things may happen just as all seems lost.

Bad friends destroy more than enemies.

Do not squander your own uniqueness in imitation.

Live with extraordinary creativity, for we are each unique beyond replication.

We sacrifice what we are, for what we would become.

Through us, creation's power flows like a river beyond time.

Life itself is our medium of artistic expression.

Memories of the past outlive the present.

One moment and particle at a time, we transform into what we are becoming.

You can more easily will yourself to forever stop breathing than cease to create.

Make life a unique expression of creative power, not a compliant heap.

Of what valor are the truly free capable!

No matter how we live, we are never untouched by disapproval.

To accomplish anything substantial, you must remain undeterred by criticism.
Much of great value is lost in fear of opinion.

Even the sharpest knife is not all edge.

Those who will be great are first good.

Opportunities often appear as obstacles.

Kept or broken, promises bear a price.

Once crossed, the bridge is forgotten.

Do no harm and this world is better for your presence.

Even stars pass away to serve the purposes of life; and to the stars, life returns.

Fire needs not hate you to burn.

Beware those who cannot be satisfied.

The most essential may not be useful.

To one born blind and then sees; all is an indescribable wonder.

To obey malignant authority is to be an accomplice.

The weak are cruel, the insecure are boastful.

Refrain from doing harm.

Enact the needful by compassionate means.

Every advance is first greeted by ridicule.

We may long regret the needful thing left undone.

Swim hard, but the tide still takes you where it will.

In the noonday sun, even candle flames cast shadows.

The tree's new leaf is no insult to the old.

What leaf outlives the tree?

By both nurturing and winnowing, we thrive.

We are here to learn of the power beyond self-concern.

Through deep forest leaves, the breeze plays an ancient tune.

Not with a curse do we dispel the darkness, but with light.

We are born of the jeweled wonder of stars.

Through us, they see themselves beautiful.

Upon us, their light for a moment falls.

Into the heart of things we gaze and are transfixed.

We fall to dust only to return

better than before; seer and seen as one.

Courage rises from knowing the worth of our purpose.

We stand together suffering wounds that have yet to heal but shall.

Ingratitude is a poor imitation of independence.

Let us now build our future upon a worthy foundation.

When liars hold sway in the place intended for justice;

the most guilty have the least to fear, only the innocent are at risk.

It is a poor potter, who blames the clay.

We grow into our liberty.

Let those who would be wolves, beware.

Those sheep they presume to stalk,

may in fact be sleeping lions.

By vain display is abundance squandered.

That which cannot be perceived is the source of all perception.

Within the infinite and eternal, we create ever-changing beauty.

Progress comes from bold re-imagining, not rigid adherence to the past.

Rather than be conformed to this world as it is,

let us remake it in the worthy image of our aspirations.

Intuition is related to reason, but is not limited thereby.

As the element common to all our experience,
knowing oneself begins understanding.

Experience cannot be fully conveyed by writing or speech.

There is so much more to you than you know.

We rise above those things which exist only in the world.

Beneath the reach of reason, dwell fears that must be confronted.

The world as it is results from our collective virtue.

Do not sit passive as a power-mad few impoverish and enslave many.

The fully human being stands astride realms of both matter and spirit.

By intimate encounters, we are transfigured.

Perceive the unseen, enveiled behind phenomena.

Let us not be overcome by a darkness of our own making.

We avert our eyes from the miracle, lest we be overwhelmed.

We need not lose ourselves to find purpose.

Errors are essential to learning and progress.

Life here is an ordeal and opportunity, sojourn and seeking.

Not life, but unavailing despair, is futile.

A yearning gnaws within each, for that which is beyond explanation.

Nascent within us is an abundance

of those very qualities we most wish to possess.

Most beautiful are those, whose deep treasure
this world does not yet recognize, but will.

One may be unfaithful not only through infidelity,
but by unwarranted suspicion.

Consciousness is that miracle, by which we perceive all the rest.

Truth is revealed by experience, imagination, and reason in harmony.

No more is humanity to be determined by blind power,
but by insight unleashed.

Within each are entire worlds waiting to be born.

In focus and harmony joined, we become strong.

You are capable of wonders well beyond what you suspect of yourself.

Lacking social justice, the corrupt and privileged few
thrive at the expense of the oppressed and exploited many.
It is not the victim who is dehumanized by this.

That taken by one sword is soon lost to another.

Better to violate the laws of men, than one's own conscience.

Our better world is not a gift; it is won by determined struggle.

So long as there are peaceful means to achieve justice, use them.

What hellish things have been done in the name of heaven.

Without justice, one can conquer, but not triumph.

Though within her womb, the child cannot prove the existence of the mother.

Unattended by wisdom, prosperity is arrogant.

She who is oppressed, gains wisdom denied to her oppressor.

In this brief span, how is there boredom?

By our own doing alone, may we be darkened or fragmented;
for though we may surrender, we cannot be conquered.

All is fulfilled by creative participation, not passive obedience.

Unable to explain even itself, a miraculous mind
may insist that there are no miracles in all the world.

You choose who you are and what you choose reveals you.

Every great truth begins as blasphemy.

Those that sleep do not see the dawn.

That which is constant is not arbitrary.

The mote is washed away by tears.

Women have been oppressed longer than any race.

From that which remains unseen, arrives all we observe.

Water does invisibly rise, that it falls equally and to the sea, returns.

Certitude is no substitute for knowledge.

Satisfaction is not increased by volume of consumption.

A life for a life leaves the whole world dead.

We cherish the sun, yet sing and dance in the rain.

Is the indelible mark of the parent not found within the child?

Living abundantly is creative, not consumptive.

Wealth and prosperity are not identical.

By this gritty world, we are smoothed.

Being unwilling to follow does not make you a leader.

Though you win the war, what results may not be peace.

It is no sign of health to be well adjusted to a sick world.

Honesty is far more than not stealing.

Do not grow old in vain.

Unable to refute it, they will dismiss the truth unheard.

A single kiss may last a lifetime.

The autumn tree itself cannot say which is the next leaf to fall.

We are born more alike than different.

Evil thrives only when unopposed.

We learn before knowing just how.

In the most private realms of an individual's life,
no one else can properly have any vote.

The most ignorant are the loudest.

On the edge of disaster, is found opportunity.

Though what you have perishes, what you are continues.

From brief life we rejoin eternity.

Discover your true purpose and with your whole heart, serve it.

The spirit pervades and exalts matter.

Perversity makes some reflexively aim to thwart the desires of others.

One cannot both search and cling.

Be unmindful of acclaim.

Relinquish the need to have all the answers.

The quality of your experience is related to your own intention.

By intolerant zeal is much harm done.

Families are made, not born.

Though death is not final, it produces an intense sense of risk,
despite which we still choose the right over the safe and overcome.

Many mistake hollow piety for virtue.

Neither the wolf nor the shepherd hate the sheep upon which they both feed.

The past has much to teach.

How may a person, a society or a world thrive without memory?

The true path is not blind obedience to authority, but enlightened self-interest.

Faith is an imaginary virtue, predisposing to disaster.

None are so alone, as those surrounded by the uncaring.

When serving only themselves, of whom do they expect a reward?

By despair, many are defeated without resistance.

An otherwise ordinary life is exalted by purpose.

Individual perspective is the aperture
through which an image is formed and focused.

A divine song lives within each; that when sung, opens heaven wide.

No one rises to success alone.

The return to life is miraculous and universal.

That which is commonplace today
was once deemed impossible; this pattern continues.

We are not obliged to respect ignorance,
meet hatred on equal terms, or negotiate with a disease.

You do not yet know all of which you are capable.

Truth is not subject to ownership.

Begin with a single perfect breath.
A single perfect day is a goal worthy of a lifetime.

To perform even a mundane task with excellence is admirable.

You are not here to be like anyone else.

The wise do not grieve over a change of garment.

A smile is not wasted, even upon the blind.

Not at war, nor even in conflict are body and spirit.

Flesh is the stair upon which we tread to rise.

The tumult is overcome by tranquility.

Those who were never sheep, awaken to rise and rend the wolves.

If in life we were to fully recall the deep peace denied to the flesh,
we would fear only life's continuation.

Though clearly perceived by the heart,
the essential is often invisible to the eye.
Lacking this vital insight leaves one most blind.

This world remains eager to crush the most delicate.

Suffering and anguish fall away into the darkness we leave behind.

The meek invite mistreatment and embolden their abusers to view all as prey.

Lacking direct experience, they settle for doctrine
and worship their own imaginings.

The beauty of truth is both intricate and simple, as uplifting as it is profound.

Those who deceive or suppress lack the power to forever restrain truth.

Those who intend destruction fall alone into the pit they prepared for others.

That this moment is not forever, makes it precious, not meaningless.
Eternity includes now.

No one can be relieved of delusion against their will.

A journey may be a crossing, a search or a flight.

We begin not only transient, but helpless also.

We need not have all the answers to know peace.

Be here now and content.

We do not find the truth, we recognize it.

Words are inadequate to fully relate

even the plunge and wheel of a single bird in flight.

We are each unique. This is the first of our many similarities.

None may be coerced to virtue.

The sky is deeper than any ocean.

The noise of a mind in chaos can drown out perception itself.

When thirsty, drink; don't drown.

It is not about perfection, but more deeply experiencing what is.

Paradox and ambiguity live near the heart of our existence.

Though the locks are removed, the chains do not fall away,
for we grip them tightly in our own hands.
So long as we cling, we remain bound.

Outside, explore the farthest reaches; inside, ponder the labyrinth.

The wounds of the past can be impediment or impetus.

Balance is not static, but a dynamic interplay creating equilibrium.

Make peace with reality.

The extraordinary is found every day.

Join discipline to spontaneity; planning with improvisation.

In this moment, be at peace.

Until this is accomplished, of what value is eternity?

Who shall dodge the rain that falls equally upon all?

By increments, we reach the stars or extinction.

The just defender is often empowered to defeat overwhelming aggression.

By the nobility of our struggle, we are defined.

What are we allowing ourselves to become?

We enfold the mysteries of both past and future, focused to an instant.

None are so suspicious as the untrustworthy.

When focused, light penetrates deeply.

Ask the trans-formative question; for it is here, that wisdom begins.

Hold always this home-world in reverence;
for no matter the reach of our exploring, there is only one.

Risk attends every first time.

Do not be held hostage by opinion.

Discouraging free inquiry and open discourse
is the prelude to tyranny of the mind.

How may there be progress without embracing change?
We now begin to save a better world.

We are the living, free agents of needful change.

Habit and fear impede essential advancement.

Even the immobile are criticized for what they do.

Risk discomfort and release truth into the world.

The desire to be appreciated is inherent.

Only as we follow our worthy path beyond concern
for comfort, reward or reputation, may we achieve much.

A simple thing of pure beauty confounds the world.

Those incapable of virtuous self-mastery seek control of others.

Fear produces a destructive reaction to inevitable change.

Confront the dilemma.

For lack of a true vision, many suffer.

Without our consent, this world can only dirty us on the outside.

The darkest deeds are often done in the name of light.

Not all aspire to fame.

Consider the vast difference between luxury and comfort.

Being fallible ourselves, we cannot rightly dictate the life and thoughts of others.

Hate is a miserable burden.

First within and then aloud, speak that truth which sets you free.

Answers surround us, to questions we do not yet know enough to ask.

One with unsuspected courage will seize the moment and change the world.

We do not dismiss the evidence of the senses and the verdict of reason.

What do we most hope for in our world?

Recall your elevated purpose and get to it.

Without unbreakable loyalty to a worthy purpose, nothing is possible.

Those who would oppose worthy progress
are on the wrong side of history and swim against the tide.

Wildflowers perish all unknown from a world in desperate need
of their brief splendor and subtle fragrance.

Many overlook the fragile magic of a single raindrop, becoming a jewel
held in a petaled embrace.

The song of birds may reveal much to one of understanding.

Better bread and water in joy than to feast in sorrow.

Better alone than unwelcome.

Do not mistake consensus for truth.

As we slumber, tyranny trickles down.

Chance and causality collaborate.

The heart is a vault, withholding its contents from force,
while gladly opening to the knowing touch.

That the fragile and innocent among us are those most endangered
is the continuing shame of this world.

It is the unprecedented occurrence
that conveys greatest risk and opportunity.

If all were predestined, existence itself would be pointless.

The influence of random factors is powerful and unpredictable.

To listen deeply is to hear beneath words.

Interference in complex interactions may produce unforeseen consequences.

In the soothing of another's grief is our own cure often found.

By the rod a child is spoiled beneath the flesh;

taught violence and inclined to respond in kind.

Confess not merely your wrongs, but the inner workings of your heart to another and find comfort in your shared humanity.

Nearly everyone can teach us something we need to learn.

Just as the light accompanies us, darkness also lurks nearby.

Authority not fully subject to its own laws is tyranny.

One who is not too certain may learn many things.

The seeking of beauty goes well beyond mere gratification;
it is a defining attribute of our humanity.

What we are and may become, results from the maelstrom
of instability within us, ceaselessly adapting to every challenge.

We strive again and weave something better to rise from the ashes.

When there is pain, remember: it is only real-time change proceeding at eye level.

The whole is manifested in each part.

We seek meaningful answers to the inherent mysteries of beginning and end.

We will travel unfettered on the path of our own choosing.

It is our right and privilege to seek truth without limitation, pursue
understanding without hindrance and progress toward our own chosen destiny.

Our worthy goals do not demand the abandonment of reason.

We progress and ascend by relentless personal effort and experience.

Pleasures of the spirit exceed all those of flesh.

In the storm's core is peace.

Let us join our strength as one; by unity and focused intent, we prevail.

In the temple defiled and destroyed, is every broken home.

They deny you choice and call it protection.

As much is revealed in the question as by the answer, perhaps more.

You are never too lost to be found.

The creative imperative will find release.

Seeking something for nothing finds misery.

From the death of stars, rose life.

A pebble upon the ground is older than all the things of man;
and who would worship a stone?
Yet many do, even now.

The most telling truth is impervious to language.

What good is a body freed to one of a captive mind?

As they debate scripture, children perish at their pious feet.

Even stones wear away beneath the relentless caress of living water.

When unable to refute the message, they will attack the messenger.

They kill animals for fun, each other for profit, poison land, sea and air,
level the forests, enslave the helpless, deceive the trusting and oppress the gentle.

When we do not consume the foreshortened lives of others,
we are at one with all that lives and grows.

That which we preserve lends its spark and essence to us,
together with what once scattered in fear.

A small child may accomplish with ease,
a thing that remains lifelong beyond most.

That which is sought with diligence is surely found;
and along the path of this journey, many more precious things,
though unsought, rise to flourish within the seeker.

Immersed, the fish does not recognize the water in which it now lives and moves.
To fully experience or appreciate anything, requires a time of separation.

In wisdom, we choose to relinquish our accustomed unity for a moment
and experience the trials of mortal life to a worthy purpose.

We are not made unique only to surrender to the common way.

The freshness of pure air breathed deeply,
charges our blood; as through us, life now flows.

Comfort the orphan, assist the widow, heal the afflicted, guide the lost,
lift the downtrodden, ease suffering, mind the forgotten,
encourage those who falter, feed the hungry, accept the abandoned,
protect the gentle and make whole, those who are broken.

Confront and defeat inhumanity.

By conception, a new thought, a new life rises.

Each new blossom, which rises in turn to brief beauty,
cannot know the source of their root's repast.
Sweeter was she than all the honey, which from her is made.
Loving secrets are nourished there in the silence beneath the rose.

Invasion is quickly opposed, but slow corruption destroys without a battle.

So bright is she that in her wake, flowers bloom and turn to follow.

Discover that to which you are called
and fulfill a destiny of such deep purpose, as defies words.

Unbegun, the struggle is always lost.

There are moments of such tragic beauty, that through tears;
you are blessed to know an exquisite, tender ache and counterpart of joy.

A prolonged interruption of our technology approaches,
that will drive humanity to the brink.

Patience is not cultivated indifference,
nor resignation, nor mere waiting;
it is not relenting, nor discouragement unexpressed.

Patience is a confident expectation of the inevitable,
coming to pass without anxiety.

Though patience occurs within,
it reveals vital qualities which spread far beyond the self.

Finally, we come to long for rest and soon are released homeward to our reunion.
In repose, we again revel in glories unavailable to the flesh; vast freedoms
unbounded and timeless. Every wish fulfilled, we turn back to our nursery
world and look again. We relive our joyful triumphs of courage over fear,
adversities overcome and the wonder of discovery. We recognize ourselves
forever ennobled by the strivings of flesh long gone, recalling anew what it is to
hold our loved ones for precious moments in mortal arms and how brevity itself
rises to embrace eternity. Renewed, we once more consent to enter the maelstrom
of flesh, despite every uncertainty.

Each moment of truth holds both a test and a promise.

In an instant, such a change begins that life is never the same.
That which slumbered in darkness, is recalled to new life
and in that moment, we become more than we were.

That we are thinking beings, productive by our own effort and willingly suffer
for the sake of our children, is neither punishment nor a curse; rather, these are
among the blessings which lead us forward.

All things possess a depth, unguessed at.
The humblest thing, fully known,
suggests and foretells the greatest.

We do not yet fully perceive even the simplest matter.

Who can explain how art and music touch and raise the spirit?
There is a mysterious power at work that resonates within.
Beauty can break or mend the willing heart.

The visible regresses beyond the limits of direct observation to the invisible;
and though we see ever further and deeper, we will not glimpse the first cause,
the final purpose, nor the reason why.

One small kindness may be amplified across time and distance to become selfless
courage years later and miles away.

They declare their beliefs to be exempt from criticism
and express their offense with intolerant violence.

By form and color, number and note; light and music pierce.
From us, emerge expressions of deepest feeling
and the corresponding perceptive faculties to enjoy.
Proclaim aloud both music and meaning; for they flow through to cleanse,
strengthen and relieve suffering. From that music, a graceful dance is inspired.
The utterance of song and the expression of dance initiate an original,
self-unfolding pattern from out of formless chaos.

Music and meaning unite heart and mind as one,
to convey both truth and beauty.

The spiritual and the carnal are not at war but in deepest partnership.

We have it within us to prevail.
However, this is not foreordained,
nor is doom predestined.
We ourselves decide.

We sway to a song remembered and drawing free of these accustomed moorings,
are released to again wander at ease beyond flesh.

Within the nest, the egg hatches. The hungry baby is fed and grows. But to fulfill
its destiny, that young bird must leave behind its familiar place of comfort,
security and the only life it has ever known; to spread those wings, useless in the
nest and risk falling to earn the sky.

The bird sings and soars, the dancer leaps and we ascend,
in graceful defiance of that which holds us earthbound.

Apply compassionate reason.

The child takes faltering steps toward a parent's hand and smiles.
We rise and struggle long, seeking that gentle touch.

We descend to experience that which we know already but have not yet lived.

We now confront inexorable change, in contrast to the eternity of our home.

Theory becomes practice and knowledge rises to wisdom.

Not in vain, do we struggle.

A wonder it is to raise from the fleeting, that which enhances eternity.

What is the purpose of life? To create and enjoy beauty; recognize and explore
truth; gain and practice virtue; cause and share pleasure; foster joyful ascent.

Do we not feel within us that powerful urge to accomplish some wondrous thing,
which serves to enrich the lives of many? This pure yearning is embedded within
us, deep as blood.

The ocean primeval yet flows through our veins.

The mirage of death is seen through; fear departs
and peace falls like gentle rain upon a thirsty field.

We dwell within a vessel of clay to a lofty purpose; not to send children to endless war for blood, profit or doctrine; not to control and destroy nature, subdue and despoil the earth; not to own or use anyone, but to end self-obsession and join in compassionate reverence for one another.

They deprive you of personal choice and claim they know better.
Their profession of superior knowledge and concern forcibly overrule you.
But know this: Somewhere, money is quietly changing hands.

Wrongly are we told to hate the body, be suspicious of the flesh; despise and subdue the natural. Matter and spirit are not at war, nor antagonists, but complement one another in a purposeful fusion to mutual benefit.

The eternal realm is both within and above us.
From both, it proceeds into the world; from within, outward;
from above, descending to converge and manifest in resonant harmony.
We are co-creators of life's deepest and most lofty purpose.

By the authentic impulse of the fully human being,
we cultivate the spirit; develop and share a message of hope,
join with the willing and prepare our way forward.

Something skirts about at the edge of memory; teasing and tugging, like a playful child, desiring attention. You can almost remember it and sense its importance; like a joyful dream you wish to rejoin.

From a sleep so deep you are unaware even that you live, you rise time after time.
Despite this example, many learn nothing and insist there is but one life.

Knowing exceeds the power of speech to relate.

Those in power often desire control above all else;
without regard to truth or harm. Destroying by deception or violence,
even ones who feed and heal; without a pang of conscience.
By such, the world is reduced toward meaningless rubble.

Give the bully and tyrant reason to reconsider their path.
Not the peaceful and innocent, but the vicious are to cower.

One who is called to help will do so despite personal cost;
though held in contempt or worse, even by those for whom they suffer.
All without seeking reward or thanks.
To such, the world owes its human existence and is saved from itself.

That all experience is subjective does not diminish its reality.
Consciousness itself is subjective. Are you conscious? How may you prove it?

Animals often display empathy beyond many humans and affection without an ulterior motive. To measure an animal's value based on usefulness is the standard of a parasite. Do not arrogantly dismiss the wisdom of the non-human. They do not feel any less because they have no words.

By slow degrees, justice becomes tangled. Adhering to a form emptied of substance; it falls to a formal justification of its own misdeeds. Those who believe themselves to be serving justice, have instead become agents of inequity.

Mistaking stubborn for steadfast, they reckon their intractability a virtue.
More than false, their beliefs are a dangerous impediment
to vital human progress.

Selfish and narrow are those who annihilated entire nations with joy,
only to indulge in self-pity when conquered.
They call themselves chosen or exceptional, but are neither.

Impressions remain, of a profound experience beyond description; remnants of a dream we know is achingly lovely, but cannot be held in daylight; fond memories of a kiss, for which we still yearn. The heart is thwarted by our inability to retain the full power of this elusive sweetness, though it lingers to tantalize.

In a Universe of ceaseless change and seething turmoil,
there is that which remains immutable and indivisible;
such stillness does not catch the eye, but is inexhaustible.

It is a greater miracle for the selfish to awaken, than for the dead to rise.

Individually, we can make a difference. As one, we can change all.

From the victim's ashes, the hero emerges. The old skin is shed to a bold arising.

All is in motion. Even the center revolves.
Knowledge once adequate, is no longer.
This truth; lament of the aged, hope of the young,
carries aloft or away the willing and unwilling alike.

In a timeless moment, the membrane of flesh,
which seems ever to divide one from the rest;
falls away to reveal the overwhelming and certain oneness of all life.

By effort alone, we can attain knowledge, but not wisdom; learning, but not
understanding; pleasure, but not happiness; bed, but not sleep.

Sacrifice is not the spilling of innocent blood, nor any destructive act.
It is devotion. It is the seeking of a good not solely our own;
dedication to a purpose beyond oneself. It is doing the right thing,
though it offers no direct, personal advantage.

As we hold the potential for love and the determination necessary to make it
more than a mere sensation, we are caring beings. As we possess the capacity for
wonder and the intellect to seek its fulfillment, we are thinking beings; and it is in
this rising fusion of feeling and thought, that we become fully human beings.

Beware those who insist upon the literal meaning of symbols. Their failure of
intellect and imagination is dangerous and destructive. Their need to enforce a
false certainty and shore up ignorant fear, predisposes them to violence.

Recognize the impermanence of all manifestations.

Even truth is neither universal nor permanent.

In courageous defiance of entropy and decay, we enter time and flesh to create
that new thing, which rises for a moment under the sun. It is to walk upon our
own unique path that we are born.

It is the skilled builder, who is the most honored by the monument.

At the shoreline, rock and wave pound out their resolution,
breaking one upon the other.

Look upon the familiar with new eyes, as an infant seeing for the first time.
Simply observe.

Learn to do this with one another, without preconceptions or expectations.

Collective experience is combined and multiplied. The brief sorrow of separation is overwhelmed by a joy greater than this world allows. Even the meaning and purpose of suffering is revealed as essential, having made us worthy of eternity.

Among the sources of pain which endure is the regret of an opportunity to perform some needful kindness, allowed to slip away undone.

Words are unable to fully convey experience;
Far beyond their reach, is unspeakable truth.

Future and past are not yet and no longer; for now, there is only now.

Can there be any doubt that the health of our world determines our own?

We are creating this world as it becomes.

The past will inform or poison our future.

Obedience to the wrong is not admirable.

Adversity is a turbulent catalyst for progress.

To the wise, adversity can be an ally.

We more than survive adversity, we are ennobled in overcoming.

Many crucial human qualities will not develop in ease and comfort alone.

Enemies are vital, as those who mean you harm, empower your rise.

Tenacious bonds are formed in the sharing of adversity.

Weathering the storm deepens the root.

More are destroyed by prosperity than are defeated by adversity.

In the collision of circumstance, is found both danger and opportunity.

Well met, adversity is not arbitrary cruelty, but a vital tool of attainment.

The road home may be dusty, muddy, uneven,
unmarked, unlit and uphill all the way.

What is given freely can never be explained.

We divest ourselves of savagery before the bridge is revealed.

The spirit has no use for piety.

Where proof is unavailable, dispute is unrevealing.

Do not seek reason to take offense.

Examine and weigh your beliefs, not merely hold them.

Life looks different when held up to the light.

Through living we learn the art of improvisation.

When confronted by adversity, we do well to hope;
for by courageous daring, much is learned and accomplished.

Obstacles and adversities overcome, empower and refine our character.

Seek opportunities to perform unexpected kindness.

Adversity is adept at plumbing the depth of each human spirit.

Death adds urgency to our true purpose;
as the end of one thing and the continuation of all else.

Far more is required to heal than to wound.

Your courage to freely persevere, must exceed their destructive will.

Our apparent fragility is an illusion.

We are eternal, unconquerable and far from defenseless.

In the midst of a world in pain, we take our stand.

Within the mundane inheres the sacred.

Incompleteness and dissonance are inherent in the flesh.

Find joy despite imperfection.

Free yourself to stray from the herd.

Beyond pain, none are lost, but await reunion.

What you seek is worthy of both risk and effort.

Between the world which was and shall be, we unfold.

Distortions of light reveal unseen darkness.

No road is false which leads us home.

We fall only to rise greater than before.

We shed a husk outworn to resume eternity.

All which appears to live, seems to die.

At death, we relinquish all we are not.

None depart from this world unscathed.

A fear of death is not the love of life.

As life is sacred, true insight evokes reverence.

Recall those precious things, which perish unseen by a world half in darkness.

Before leaving this world, say and do every loving thing which lives within you.